The benefit of Ms bless'd beams,
remaining So long a poor unknown.

GUI. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me
leave, 111 take the better care; but
if you will not, The hazard therefore
due fall on me, by The hands of
Romans !

So say I; Amen.

No reason I, since on your lives
you set So slight a valuation, should
reserve My crack'd one to more care.
Have with you,
boys :
If in your country wars you chance to
die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll
lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long;
their blood
thinks scorn,

[Aside.
Till it fly out, and show them princes
born.

[Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE L A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHVMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief[1] *',*

POST. Yea, bloody cloth [?][5] I'll keep
thee ; for I wish'd[3]

i — *ttoody 'handkerchief.']* The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing Act determined to send.

JOHNSON.

[a] Yea, bloody cloth, &c.] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself by imputing part of the crime to